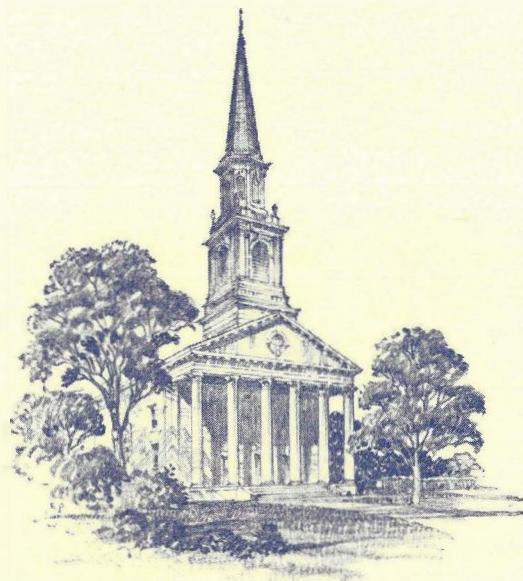


BACCALAUREATE

MAY 26, 1974



MEAD MEMORIAL CHAPEL

MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

MIDDLEBURY, VERMONT

THE SERVICE

10:00 A.M.

May 26, 1974

The Carillon

John Allard '75

Music for Organ and Brass

Canzona Noni Toni
Canzona Bergamasca
Contrapunctus IX (Art of Fugue)
Canzona Septima Toni

G. Gabrieli
S. Scheidt
J. S. Bach
G. Gabrieli

The Vermont Symphony Orchestra Brass Ensemble

Introit

Psalm

Kathy Wonson Eddy '73

*Processional Hymn

"A mighty fortress is our God"

Martin Luther

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side, the man of God's own choosing:
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth his name, from age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God has willed His truth to triumph through us:
The prince of darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through him who with us sideth:
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

*Invocation

A Reading --- an excerpt from Plato's *Republic*

G. Dennis O'Brien, Dean of the College

Motet ---

"Das ist ein Köstliches Ding"

Georg Schumann

(sung in German)

It is a good thing to give thanks unto Jehovah,
And sing praise unto thy name, O Most High;
To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning,
And thy faithfulness every night.
For thou, Jehovah, hast made me glad in thy work;
I will triumph in the works of thy hands.
The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree;
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be full of sap and green
To show that Jehovah is upright.
It is a good thing to give thanks
And sing praises unto thy name, O Most High!

*Congregation Standing

The Reading of Scripture

Anthem

The Reverend Charles P. Scott, Chaplain

Festival Te Deum

Benjamin Britten

Jane Peatling '74, Soprano

*Hymn

"Be thou my vision..."

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
Naught be all else to me save that thou art --
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;
I ever with thee, and thou with me, Lord;
Thou my great Father, I thy true son;
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my buckler, my sword for the fight;
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
Thou my soul's shelter, thou my high tower;
Raise thou me heavenward, O power of my power.

Riches I need not, nor man's empty praise;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always:
Thou and thou only, first in my heart,
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of heaven, when vict'ry is won
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun!
Heart of my heart, whatever befall,
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

The Baccalaureate Address

President James I. Armstrong

Recognition of Valedictory, Salutatory, and Phi Beta Kappa Honors.

Prayers

Benediction

Nunc Dimittis (Choir and Congregation)

Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,
according to thy word.
For mine eyes have seen
thy salvation,
Which thou hast prepared
before the face of all people;
To be a light to lighten the Gentiles,
and to be a glory of thy people Israel. — (St. Luke 2:29 - 32)

*Recessional Hymn

"O God, our help in ages past..."

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, and our eternal home:

Under the shadow of thy throne thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone, and our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood, or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God, to endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guide while life shall last, and our eternal home.

Postlude

Toccata (from Suite, Op. 5)

Maurice Duruflé

Dr. Emory M. Fanning
John E. Allard '75

Organist and Choir Director
Carillonneur